

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



WOLFE TONE IN THE ANTE-ROOM OF CITIZEN CARNOT.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XLII.—CHIEFLY IN FRANCE.

Nothing appears more strange to a student of the history of that convulsed period which closed the eighteenth century in Ireland, than to find men of humanity and probity doing their utmost to involve the people whom they wished to benefit in all the horrors of civil war, and for this object breaking the bonds of even ordinary honour, and setting at nought the dearest and closest obligations of life. We may be thankful that this

exaggerated and mistaken patriotism has ceased to exist, except among perhaps half a score wrong-headed Celts, who have chiefly found shelter on the other side of the Atlantic, and (as we learn by democrat American prints) succeed in deluding a few dupes occasionally into deeming them (the wrong-headed Celts aforesaid) the greatest and wisest of mankind.

During the period of which we write, Ireland and her people suffered many wrongs. No dispassionate reader of her story but will acknowledge this, and feel for the immense amount of injustice borne by the subject race. The statute-book contained laws of the harshest type,

rigidly put in practice. Educated men revolted against such injustice; and when they could not at once have the abuses of ages swept away in the regular course of legislative action, they turned their eyes to the perilous example of France, who had just flung off every shackle (and, sooth to say, almost every remnant of the decent garb of government also), and stood stretching out her hands to all nationalities that deemed themselves oppressed. Across the sea it was not so readily visible that those French hands were stained with blood, and that her boasted liberty was mainly a license to do evil.

If the patriots could have had patience, they would gradually have seen all the abuses which roused their indignation removed. The process was slow, but certain, and has left Irishmen of the present day with scarce a shadow of a pretext for dissatisfaction with their rulers. But the British prerogative of grumbling seems to have been imparted by the legislative union of the countries, and is without doubt exercised to the full in the Emerald Isle.

Concurrent authorities represent Theobald Wolfe Tone as an earnest, disinterested, humane man. He had no personal end to gain by tearing his country in pieces with civil discord: he would have sacrificed time and money to relieve any individual distress. Yet he worked with might and main to bring the sorest of all calamities on the land—invasion and war; which must render thousands homeless and penniless, and desolate the fairest scenes with death and fire. But then—oh, glorious result!—as soon as a dozen battles had sacrificed masses of valuable lives, and fifty towns were in blackened ruins, and the industry and commerce of the whole nation were paralysed for a time, Ireland might be dubbed a Republic, free and indivisible, and the Parliament in College Green be swamped by a Convention!

Here was Mr. Tone's ideal. He brooded over it in his American refuge, and pestered the Citizen Adet, who represented France at Philadelphia, with memorials in reference to French interposition. Irish friends wrote him exaggerated accounts of the spread of republican ideas in their country. At last the Citizen Adet gave him letters of introduction to that other Citizen who was charged with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in Paris; and Tone, having spent a month in the voyage, landed at Havre on the 1st of February, 1796, his credentials in his pocket. A single Irish rebel hoping to move the whole might of France! how chimerical! Nothing but the intensest enthusiasm could have dreamed of such a feat, or carried the projector through the rebuffs and disappointments he was sure to experience.

Mr. James Smith (Tone's *nom de traître*) came to Paris, presented his cipher credentials to the minister, on 26 Pluviôse, according to the confusing nomenclature affected by the republicans, and was received with great politeness. More than mere politeness ensued: we find him in the bureau of Citizen Charles de la Croix, conferring with him on the subject of the deciphered letter, and amid all the gravity of the matters under consideration noting the Citizen's dress sufficiently for minute description to his wife. "A grey silk robe de chambre, under which a kind of scarlet cassock of satin, with rose-coloured silk stockings, and scarlet ribbons in his shoes," was attire which scarce seemed to suit the Spartan simplicity of a democracy which eschewed titles and decorations. But the wearer of all this pompous raiment was not so brilliant in his promises as the Irishman hoped.

"The marine of France is so dilapidated, that Government will not hazard a large fleet:" needful precaution,

with Nelson and Duncan on the high seas. "Two thousand troops, and arms for twenty thousand: any quantity of artillery:" which seemed a large donation, but was delusive.

"You might as well send twenty men as two thousand," observed Tone bluntly, thinking of the garrisons that studded Ireland. "If your Government send only a corporal's guard, I will go myself; but it will be to certain destruction."

And how many troops would satisfy the Citizen Tone? What number would he consider adequate for successful invasion?

Twenty thousand men, if they would commence with a great coup, and seize the capital at once. All the other cities in the kingdom would fall, as a necessary consequence; the militia and the army would join the invaders, and English domination was at an end!

But twenty thousand men was a simple impossibility: the Citizen Tone might as well ask for a quarter of a million. Finances—the exigencies of the Republic—forbade it. Could no more reasonable number be named?

Conference and consideration beat down the requirement to five thousand as the least. They should be the very flower of French troops, and the chief part of them artillerymen. Also the general should be one with a reputation—Pichegru or Jourdan; or, if neither of these could be had, Hoche, the youthful hero of Quiberon.

A few days afterwards, and Tone advanced a step higher in his diplomatic relations; he went to the Palace of the Luxembourg, and demanded to see Carnot, "the organizer of victory," as he was styled, in the inflated language of his compatriots. It happened to be his day for giving audience (each of the Directors did so in turn); and Tone found himself in a magnificent ante-chamber filled with dazzling uniforms. Here he sat in a corner, and conned over in his memory a certain French speech, previously composed for the occasion—for he had a just distrust of his powers as a linguist; and he gazed round at the crowded levée with some little wonder as to how he ever came there; but his reveries were interrupted by the sound of a bell, giving notice of the great man's approach. Has not equality already been proved a dream in this model Republic?

Citizen Carnot comes forth, in his *petit-costume* of white satin with embroidered crimson robe, resembling the draperies of Vandyke. And when all other audiences are over, the Irishman steps forward, and in "his jargon" informs the Director that he represented three millions of Catholics and nine hundred thousand Dissenters, the disaffected of Ireland (which is more than a slight exaggeration on Mr. Tone's part).

"All eager to throw off the yoke of England!" says the enthusiastic ambassador. "All unanimous in their love for France!"

"The organizer of victory" expressed himself much gratified by this unsought affection. "But what do they want?" he asked, with the practicality of a man of action.

"An armed force as a *point d'appui*," replied Tone, "some weapons, and some money." Ireland was a beggar at the feet of France—a position pleasing to the latter; and she would be sure to reimburse herself, as in case of the Cisalpine and Transalpine Republics, and other bantlings under her patronage.

"And the fortresses in Ireland?" quoth Carnot. None: except some works in Cork Harbour. But the landing should take place as near Belfast as possible; then the whole of Ulster would be in their hands immediately. For, strange to say, that province, which is

now the richest and quietest in the kingdom, was then a seething mass of disaffection from end to end, distinguished for the outrages that its inhabitants committed against each other.

Thus "James Smith, Citoyen Américain," developed his plans, and gained a hearing from the influential men of France. But he found dire delays interposed; he was sent from bureau to bureau with his memorials, and was wearied with endeavours to make his atrocious French comprehended. Going back day after day to his lonely lodging, he brooded over the Irish news till his mind was in a fever. All the wrong and violence done by the agents of Government was reported to him with faithfulness by the correspondents of his party, in letters smuggled by fishing-boats off coast, or *via* Hamburg, or *via* New York. The foul deeds of the Defenders and United Irishmen were glossed over as mere natural ebullitions of popular resentment; yet, since 1641 more dreadful cruelties had not disgraced Ireland than were perpetrated in the smiling summer of this year.

"The idea of assassination has become familiar as that of fowling," said Toler, the Attorney-General, from his place in Parliament. He demanded the passing of an Insurrection Act, containing the following provisions:—That the administration of unlawful oaths be felony of death. That a majority of seven magistrates might declare their county in a state of insurrection. That any two magistrates might break open houses at any hour of the day or night to search for arms. That every man found absent from his house between sunset and sunrise should be subject to imprisonment. That all persons having no visible means of livelihood should be arrested, and sent to serve on board the King's fleet, at discretion of their worship in quarter sessions assembled.

Now, the conduct of the magistrates and the military authorities had in many counties been so severe, that an Act of Indemnity was required to blot out their offences this session; which act legitimated all that had been done, especially certain questionable proceedings of Lord Carhampton's, the Commander-in-Chief, who had exerted what was called by the Government prints "a vigour beyond the law," in the management of disturbed districts. He anticipated the clauses of the Insurrection Act (or set example for them) by drafting off the Defenders brought before him on board a tender stationed at Sligo, in order that they might be turned into soldiers and sailors; which looks very like discretionary transportation, without even a form of legal trial. It is said that thirteen hundred men were thus treated, "tied on cars and dragged away for shipment, weeping in agony, and crying aloud for justice." The story is an old one; those who were infants then, are aged more than seventy years this day; yet we cannot help thinking of the destitute families, the bereavement in the humble cabins, perhaps more than of the disturbances so illegally punished.

Such stories—and many worse than these, because exaggerated into untruth—stung the very soul of Wolfe Tone, as he hung about the French public offices, and tried to get some means of practising his panacea upon his country. What a cure for the manifold Irish evils, was French invasion! In July one day, he found himself in Fleury's cabinet, when there entered "a very handsome well-made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, who said, 'Vous êtes le Citoyen Smith?'" Tone, thinking him a *chef de bureau* not in the secret of his nomenclature, answered, "Oui, Citoyen, je m'appelle Smith." "Mais," said the young man in the bourgeois dress, "vous vous appelez aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone? Eh bien; je suis le General Hoche." That was the

meeting of men who stood towards each other almost in the relation of employer and employed, the less splendid of the two being the former.

Thenceforward, preparations for the expedition to Ireland went on with vigour and alacrity. The midmost day in December all was complete; fourteen thousand troops were aboard forty-three vessels at Brest, and the signal was made "to heave short." So the gallant armada passed out of harbour laden with the largest mischiefs for Ireland, among more material freight, and were immediately met with fierce weather—a worse foe than the fog-bound fleets of England.

CHAPTER XLII.—CHRISTMASTIDE, 1796-7.

It was a troubled time, on earth and in air—among men and among the elements. The south-west corner of Ireland is bleak enough on the sunniest summer day; there is something sternly grand, and that comports not with sunshine, in the long promontories of stone set round with perpetual surge. The roar of the Atlantic resounds for miles inland, forming the bass under-current of all other noises and voices. Whoever would behold the unfettered sea in every mood of might or of playfulness, should travel to some of these iron-bound headlands, and we promise him a fascination which he shall desire to prolong.

Opening to the west, and sweeping for many a mile into the heart of the country, one of the noblest of the Atlantic inlets is Bantry Bay. Several islands break its broad expanse, and afford shelter to shipping at all angles. But the white line of surge is inclosing it on every side, fringing the low brown cliffs, and never ceasing to fret upon innumerable olive-coloured tidal rocks. Beside the bay rises the indented sugar-loaf mountain, bare and sterile as Sinai—the highest point of a very desert of stones—a wilderness of crags, and cones, and boulders, with the thinnest veil of greenery in recesses. Also in recesses are a few stone-heaped huts, looking more like chance cairns than deliberately made human dwellings.

Those who dwell in them saw a strange sight at that Christmastide, 1796. Ship after ship came rounding the point from the west; huge ships with tiers of guns, and laden with multitudes of men. The fierce weather aforesaid had driven them to this shelter; albeit the well-read among them knew that the place was not propitious for a French fleet. One had been here in 1689, with succours for James II when struggling to retain Ireland; and had been met, to its grief and discomfiture, by Orange William's Admiral Herbert. The simple mountaineers gazed with wonder at the swarm of sail whitening their bay at the present. Seven ships of the line, majestic in their many decks as no iron-clad can ever be, two frigates, and seventeen transports, were assembled. But nearly twenty others were missing which had completed the Irish armada; and among them the key of the whole expedition, General Hoche, was missing too.

What chafing hearts were in those ships! We have a glimpse of one in Wolfe Tone's diary. Wanting to land at all hazards, anywhere; withheld by the wiser counsels of experienced veterans, who verily must have been deterred (among other reasons) by the barren aspect of the country they had to conquer; dreading continually the advent of the English fleet, or of some storm that should drive ashore the transports, which had already shown an unreasonable inclination to knock together; planning a hundred plans in the twenty-four hours, only to have all defeated—Tone's situation was not enviable. Councils of war were held, eventuating

in nothing. Christmas-day was fixed for debarkation; but the gale grew severer than ever from the east—the direction worst for the expedition. Six days they spent in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore very often, and were finally forced out to sea, saluted there with a hurricane which prevented their making the mouth of the Shannon, and were glad to get back to Brest, a fleet literally in fragments.

The Irish Government slept securely in their Castle of Dublin during those snowy and stormy days and nights, while the weather was defending the land with a force more powerful than men and guns. But when the news arrived—brought post over knee-deep roads from the Bantry mountaineers and their trifling guard of militia—great was the consternation. Nobody knew but Cork or Limerick might be in the enemy's hands at that moment. The prestige of Continental campaigns had caused an unreasonable dread of the prowess of French soldiery; and like a tinder-box to tow would be their appearance among the peasantry. Troops were hurriedly marched to the south; the capital resounded with the clang of arms; and the panic continued for many days after the storm-tossed cause of it was driven again away towards France, and Bantry Bay echoed only to the scream of the curlew and the sweep of the wave.

Then everybody felt that a mighty danger had been escaped—blindly escaped. A few looked up to Divine Providence in hearty gratitude, and traced the hand of the Disposer of events through all; for if the French fleet had appeared in almost any other corner of Ireland, it would have met with crowds of sympathizers: but the south-west was not yet "organized." Or if the weather had permitted a few thousands to land, they might have pushed on into inflammable districts, and got possession of some places whence dislodgement might be difficult; and a rising in the north would certainly have ensued. Pious observers of the occurrences of that December said reverently, "The Lord hath fought for us, and we held our peace."

So thought the Rector of Doon, as he carefully coned the columns of his "Faulkner's Journal"—an intensely Tory print of the period—and read about the petty exertions of sundry parties near the dangerous spot; of Mr. White and his chain of yeomanry posts—for which he was subsequently rewarded by a peerage as Baron Bantry; of Mr. O'Sullivan, of Berehaven, who captured the only French lieutenant and boat's crew that ventured inshore; and many records of the fierce weather that in reality had confounded all the counsels of the enemy. The dear old man reads, and his troubled face grows calm under the grand peaceful thought of the sovereignty of God. Often has he had to still his anxious heart with the same thought, during some time past. For he is not satisfied about Fergus, his only son; he knows that he has gone over altogether to the disturbing side in politics; and his chances of success in life wane accordingly, or are cast on the desperate issue of the rebels' fortunes. How they would end, the rector very well knew.

As he sits and muses in the fading daylight over the "Faulkner" outspread on his knee, a messenger comes riding up to the house through the snow, bearing an ill-written and ill-spelt epistle from Mr. Waddell; asking his assistance as a brother-magistrate in the detection of a number of Defenders who were to meet on that night, being little Christmas-night, at a certain cabin which he indicated. The rector felt strangely disinclined for such work: he never had taken part in anything of the sort. "But Waddell thinks he never can

be zealous enough since the new Insurrection Act," said he to himself; "and probably he wants to demonstrate his zeal to Colonel Butler."

Drawing over the huge brass-bound box which was his writing-desk, Doctor Kavanagh wrote a few lines courteously declining to assist Mr. Waddell at such domiciliary visit as he proposed; stating that, as a clergyman and a minister of peace, he made it a rule to exercise his magisterial functions in no way that could excite the angry passions of those among whom he hoped to do good.

"Twaddle and stuff!" exclaimed Mr. Waddell, when one of his satellite visitors made the meaning of this plain to him. "The parson's afraid, that's the truth; but I'll not be baulked in that way. The act requires two magistrates, do you say? I don't care a snap of my fingers for the act: like to know who'll complain that I act on my own authority, eh? Who do you think, eh?"

"But, Ulick," began Miss Dolly Waddell, his elder sister, and despised by him because of a gentle temperament and nervous, "you know you oughtn't—"

"I know I oughtn't what?" he returned, with a sort of bark. "Oughtn't what?"

"To break the law you're going to enforce," she replied, collecting her small allowance of firmness, which was exceedingly liable to melt into tears before her brother's irascibility. He scouted the notion—he would go—he didn't care what anybody said; and so he and the satellites went out in the bitter cold.

Picking up a yeomanry guard in Doon on their way, they tramped off, the gentlemen on horseback, towards the cabin respecting which information had been received. A glimmering light in the solitary window was not suspicious; for on this "little Christmas-night," or Epiphany, every peasant that could afford it burned a whole long candle during the dark hours in honour of the Virgin. But this beacon guided the party comfortably; they took no pains to conceal their approach; and when Mr. Waddell entered—having opened the door by the wild expedient of a kick—he saw only the man of the house, his wife nursing an infant, and another man sitting at the fireside, ruling head-lines very innocently upon some sheets of bluish pot-paper.

"I arrest all here," proclaimed Mr. Waddell, as a safe preliminary.

"Troth an' I hope that doesn't mane the baby," said Mrs. Brallaghan, with true female presence of mind; "for if it does, wherever he goes I'll have to go too." She set aside the rush-bottomed chair on which she had been sitting, and moved somewhat between her husband and the enemy.

As for the poor Philomath, he might have been the guiltiest man in all creation, for his looks of fear. Drops broke out on his pale quivering face; and he stammered something about being a lodger, in answer to Mr. Waddell's short fiery questions. The ruling of the pot-paper went on mechanically, but was singularly crooked and tremulous.

"Put down that, sir," thundered Mr. Waddell, "and attend to me. Don't you know that any person not giving a satisfactory account of themselves"—such was the worthy magistrate's grammar—"is liable to imprisonment, and to be sent on board his Majesty's fleet to serve during pleasure? Don't you know that, sir?"

"Av yer honour wouldn't spake so loud," insinuated Mrs. Brallaghan, at his elbow. "There's my sither in typhus in the room inside—"

"In what? in typhus fever, woman!" roared Mr. Waddell, clapping his handkerchief to his face, and backing

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instantly out of the house. His intensest horror was infectious disease, which was well known; for the Irish peasantry study minutely the peculiarities of the gentry with whom they have to do. "In typhus fever!" he reiterated, terror-stricken, coughing and blowing his nose, as if either operation would do him any good. Instantly he mounted his horse. "But arrest that man," he shouted; and the hapless Mr. O'Doherty found himself seized by the yeomen, ere he could anywise get rid of certain papers thrust into his broad pockets in the emergency of a moment.

The feet had died away along the road before Barney Brallaghan recovered self-possession sufficiently even to stare at his wife.

"Ahagur, sure there isn't anybody in typus inside?" he asked timidly, spreading his palms on his knees, still bewildered.

"You omadhann! no. But didn't they make off!" She laughed a little at the success of her stratagem. "Come out now, Myles, an' run for yer life, while ye've the chance."

Some struggling among bed-clothes in the fixture which acted as bedstead in "the room," and Myles Furlong made his appearance. "Troth an' I won't take the road at this hour," said he, "when I can sleep near a blessed candle undher shelter. The yeos won't come back here to-night—there's no fear."

"Oh, but she's the cliver woman!" said Barney, looking at his wife with great admiration. "To say she'd go an' think o' that, all in one minute!"

None of them had the least qualm of conscience about the lie: their religion had always taught them that the end justified the means; and if there was a tiny particle of sin in it, wouldn't confession to Father Conner take it away as soon as his absolution was pronounced?

"So Misther O'Doherty is gone," was Myles's remark. "Well, he has a better chance than I'd have. Fireball would hang me up to one of his trees. But 'twill be bad if he has any o' thim ballads about him anywhere. I wondher had he the sinse to burn 'em."

And, not much moved by the loss of his friend, the blacksmith commenced to troll out words he had learned from the selfsame ballad—

"Oh, the Frinch are on the say, says the Shan van vocht;"

The Frinch are on the say, says the Shan van vocht:

Oh, the Frinch are in the bay,

They'll be here without delay,

An' the Orange will decay, says the Shan van vocht."

"Why, then, I'm thinkin' ye needn't be in such sperits after yer narrow escape, an' be dhravin' down more yeos on the house wid yer noise," observed the mistress.

"Very well, ma'am; av it's more plasin' to yes I'll hould me tongue. But ye see, thim little evints is nothin' at all to a man that has gone through the power ov accidens I have; many's the day I wondher is it meself that's there at all at I've the shots, an' the dhrównins, an' the burnins I've come out of. Barriu' I borry the wings of a bird, I donno how I'll escape much longer."

THE PRAIRIES OF AMERICA.

THE great plains or prairies of North America all lie to the west of the Mississippi: from thence they stretch to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and longitudinally from the icy Arctic Ocean to the ever-temperate waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

East of the "Father of Waters" the country is heavily

timbered; and where it is not, the openings mostly consist of swamps and morasses; and where little glades of high ground are found, they are too small to deserve the name of prairies or meadows. The true prairie country was estimated by Baron Humboldt at 2,430,000 square miles. Running through so many degrees of latitude, the climate, of course, varies very much. To the north, with the exception of the short polar summer, they are, for the greater part of the year, frost-bound, whilst the vegetation is poor and stunted. Centrally the climate is temperate, and there is sufficient vegetable food to support the immense herds of different animals who roam uncontrolled over these natural fields. To the south the herbage is rank and luxuriant, the grass being often as high as a horseman's knees; though here and there, where a prairie fire has swept off the old "fog," the young grass grows short and tender; and this is eagerly sought by the buffalo, deer, antelope, and other animals. From the west bank of the Mississippi to the foot of the Rocky Mountains it is neither a horizontal plain nor a continuous meadow; for the streams which water these grassy seas are usually fringed with trees of various kinds, the cotton-wood (*Populus angulata*) being the most frequent; whilst the surface of the land rises and falls in billowy swells, so that the horizon is sometimes only at a short distance; and this formation is called "rolling."

The prairies have been divided into three kinds by some writers. I am inclined to think this classification too limited. They have made mention of, first, the bushy; secondly, the dry or rolling; and thirdly, the wet or alluvial prairies: entirely ignoring the timber prairies, *i.e.*, those dotted here and there with single trees—giant evergreen oaks (*Quercus virens*)—or small clumps of smaller trees, known as "mottes" or "islands of timber," which look like some immense old English park; as well as leaving out those vast barren plains, one of the largest of which is the Jonada del Muerte, to the south of Santa Fé.

I will try to describe these different prairies.

To the west, along the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, are vast tracts of sandy prairies covered with a growth of nothing but wild sage-bushes, where only a species of grouse, called the sage hen, and some rabbits, are found; both so strongly impregnated by the bushes upon which they feed, as to be almost uneatable by civilized people. However, a tribe of Indians called "Diggers" are content to eke out a scanty subsistence by feeding upon them. This is one kind of bushy prairie; another is the "weed prairie." This is generally upon rather moist land, and upon it is a growth of wild coffee-bushes, milk-weed, and poison-berry bushes, these latter being a species of vine, bearing when ripe a purple berry. The principal living creatures to be found on the "weed prairie" are swamp frogs, moccasin snakes, bitterns, and, in the winter, snipe.

The dry or "rolling prairie" is the home of the bison, the deer, both the common (*Cervus Virginianus*) and the black-tail, the wapiti or elk, the antelope (*Antilocapra*), the wild horse, coyotes or prairie wolves, and mule rabbits (a large kind of hare, often weighing fourteen pounds), and the common rabbit, and prairie dogs. The soil is black, deep, friable, and fertile, abounding in pools filled with the winter rains, and the vegetation is rich and luxuriant. Feeding upon this, herds of bison are often seen, consisting of sometimes 40,000 or 50,000 head, and droves of wild horses, often numbering more than a thousand; whilst the bunches of deer, though small individually, yet collectively, and in sight at the same time, sometimes amount to several hundreds. At night the

* The Old Crippled Woman: allegorical for Ireland.

silence is often broken by the wolves clamouring like a pack of hounds as they run down weak or wounded animals. When the "rolling prairies" run up to the mountains they are met by spurs stretching out from them; sometimes gentle sloping ridges, sometimes high and abrupt bluffs. The following description of the higher central prairies is from the pen of Washington Irving:—

"About ten o'clock in the morning we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of the Red River. A beautiful meadow, about half a mile wide, enamelled with yellow autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cotton-wood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of monotonous wastes of brown forest. The meadow was finely diversified by groves and clumps of trees, so happily disposed that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses quietly grazing on a green lawn about a mile distant to our right; while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes, some feeding, others reposing and ruminating among the high rich herbage, under the shade of a clump of cotton-wood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad beautiful tract of pasture-land on the highly ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with the cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows."—Page 220, Irving's "Tour on the Prairies."

The wet or alluvial prairies are generally found round the sources of rivers, the vegetation consisting of rank "gramma grass," flags, rushes, and other tall, coarse, marsh-loving herbage, interspersed with pools and swamps inhabited by thousands of water-rails, bitterns (there known by the name of Indian hens), snipe, and many varieties of wild fowl.

The "timbered prairies" are always small, and are found only in the neighbourhood of the heavily timbered river bottoms; and these are the favourite spots of the wild turkey, as they can sun and dust themselves, and yet, at the slightest danger, can run for shelter to the adjacent clumps.

The principal sand prairie is the Jonada del Muerte, or, as it is more often called, El Llano Estocada, or "the staked plain," from some of the New Mexican traders having driven stakes into it at certain distances, as guide-posts: it is about seventy miles across, and entirely destitute of water. Since the gold discovery in California it has been frequently traversed; and those travellers who have crossed it report that hundreds of bleached skeletons of mules and horses are to be found in its dreary wastes, which have perished from want of food and water. Here the mirage is often seen, as it is also upon the grass prairies. In front of the house I lived in for some years a prairie swept away for thirty miles unbrokenly, until it reached the Gulf of Mexico, and almost every day through the summer the illusion of an immense lake of water was visible.

During March and April the settlers often set fire to the prairies, which they are allowed to do by law in some States, though in the far western wild country there is no law about it; and sometimes accident, sometimes caprice or mischief, sets them alight.

A prairie on fire is one of the grandest sights imaginable. In the day-time the smoke rolls up in black and heavy volumes before the wind, whilst underneath the flames leap up in one long red line for miles: at night the whole horizon seems on fire, and then is

heard, more distinctly than in the day-time, the loud crackling of the reeds and coarse grass stems. When a cane-brake is on fire the tall canes snap when the fire catches them, like the reports of firearms. On some of the great prairies small Indian bands have been often overtaken by the fire and destroyed, as well as buffalo, deer, wild horses, and other animals; for the grass is often six or seven feet high, and so matted with wild pea vines and other impediments that they cannot travel so fast as the pursuing fire in their rear.

On an ordinary prairie, if the traveller does not lose his presence of mind, he can, however, generally escape by firing the prairie in front of him, and as that burns away in his front he gradually advances; so that, by the time the fire in his rear arrives, he is able to move on to the burnt-off black plain which his fire has made.

Sometimes the prairie fire is arrested by streams, or sandy ridges, or by the young green grass, too juicy to burn, which has sprung up upon some previous "burn;" but often these are overleapt by burning sparks, which are whirled up by the wind and carried forward to renew the conflagration beyond.

The following description of a gallop for life from a prairie fire is from Catlin's "Letters and Notes on the North American Indians." His Indian guide is speaking:—

"It was on this vast plain of fire-grass that waves over our heads that the swift foot of Mah-to-ga was laid. It is here, also, that the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man, and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface. Friends, it is the season of fire; and I fear, from the smell of the wind, that the Spirit is awake!"

"Pah-me-o-ne-quah said no more, but mounted his wild horse, and, waving his hand, his red shoulders were seen rapidly vanishing as he glided through the thick mazes of waving grass. We were on his trail, and busily traced him until the midday sun had brought us to the ground, with our refreshments spread before us. He partook of them not, but stood like a statue, while his black eyes in sullen silence swept the horizon round; and then, with a deep-drawn sigh, he gracefully sunk down, and laid with his face to the earth. Our buffalo tongues, and pemmican, and marrow-fat, were spread before us, and we were in the full enjoyment of these dainties of the western world, when, quicker than the frightened elk, our Indian friend sprang upon his feet. His eyes skimmed again slowly over the prairie's surface, and he laid himself as before on the ground.

* * * * *

"Red Thunder was on his feet; his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets.

"White man," said he, 'see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie? He rises! the hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake; this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way!'

"No more; but his swift horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail! The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sunk again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle; his neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard: yet hope was feeble; for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly

exhausted. The sunshine was *dying*, and a cool shadow advancing over the plain.

"Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us; the winds increased; the howling tempest was maddening behind us; and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also, and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought; but I recollect the heavens were overcast, the distant thunder was heard, the lightning's glare was reddening the scene, and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul. . . . The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds; his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff! Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a sea of fire! How sublime, I thought, to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature were so strangely convulsed! Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened 'hush—sh,' his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eyeballs looking you to the very soul.

"I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

"I stood secure, but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land; I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and then I saw behind, the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire!"

THE BALLOON AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, ESQ., F.R.S.

III.

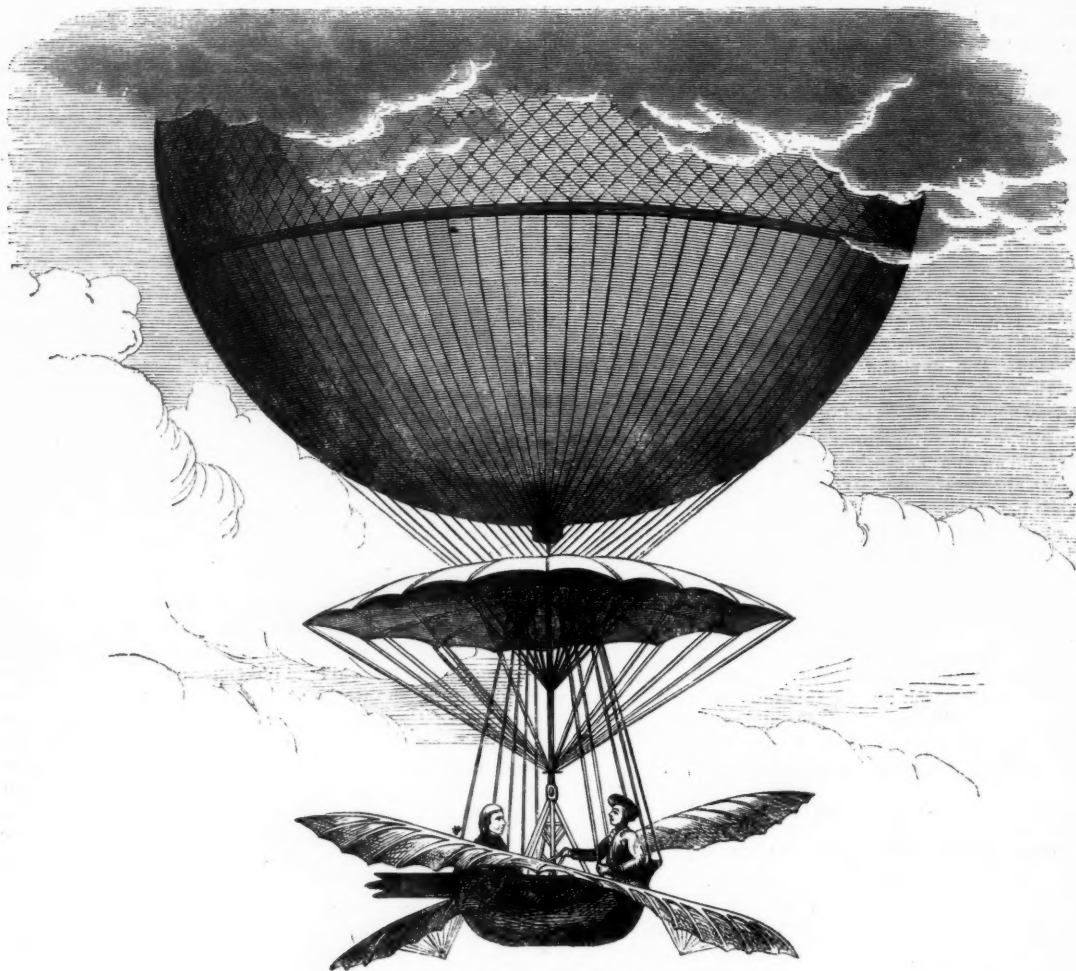
It may not be idle to remark, that perhaps there never was a power so much desired, and when obtained so little needed, as that of travelling in the air. It is noticeable how, from the first discovery of the balloon, when from the sovereign and men of science downwards, all ascribed unbounded powers to the new contrivance, not one among them could define any truly utilitarian purpose it was required to fulfil. Cavallo, in treating of this, is evidently at a loss, and observes that the most obvious uses will occur to the person of the least ingenuity: he contents himself with a concise enumeration of a few of the less obvious to which it might be applied. The small Montgolfier balloons, he suggests, may serve to explore the direction of currents in the atmosphere; to elevate a wire or string; to serve as lightning conductors; also they might serve as carriers of letters and small things, especially from ships that cannot land on account of storms, from besieged places, islands, or the like. The balloon on a larger scale, he continues, might do all this in a better manner; it might, besides, help a man to ascend a mountain or precipice; to cross a river; and, if tied to a boat by a long rope, might be a better sort of sail than that at present used. Balloons of the greatest power would be subservient to various economical and philosophical uses; to convey people from

place to place with great swiftness and without trouble. He considers it a power of value, even if it does no more than drift with the wind, and infers it might be useful in geographical research, to discover the shape of certain seas and land; to ascertain the tops of the highest mountains; to be carried over marshy and dangerous places; to come out of a besieged place or an island; in hot countries to ascend into a cooler atmosphere. Its philosophical uses, he observes, are numerous indeed. There is very little known of what is going forward in the atmosphere, for want of a method of ascending into it: the formation of rain, of thunder-storms, of vapours, hail, snow, and meteors, required to be attentively examined and ascertained; the action of the barometer; the refraction and temperature of the air; the descent of bodies, the propagation of sound, etc. It is plain from the preceding, that the only real and important applications are those belonging to science and physical geography, and that this was as well known to Cavallo, when he wrote in 1785, as it is now after a lapse of more than seventy years. I confess, the obvious uses do not readily suggest themselves to me; and of those less obvious, which he mentions, they are too exaggerated and occasional to rank among the wants and necessities of life. To attain even the present advantage over the atmosphere required a degree of knowledge that only the last century could produce; and that a century has passed away from the discovery of the balloon with so little improvement, is, I cannot help thinking, for the reason that it does not address itself to any recognised want, and promotes no element of commerce. I question whether the art of travelling in the air will ever be more than an intellectual indulgence, and a power gained to philosophical endeavours, over the means of locomotion on sea and land; it can never provide accommodation for the world at large, but sets a limit to the number of those who desire to travel. The very principle of aerial travelling, according to the present system, forbids the idea of considerable numbers passing through the air; and the idea of a fleet, or of single balloons of monstrous size, to moderate this objection, is ridiculous to contemplate. If to a discovery, therefore, that possesses no commercial element of application, we add a very limited acquaintance with the atmosphere it belongs to, we can see sufficient reason why the balloon has fallen yearly by degrees more out of notice.

Two years' acquaintance with its capacity as a working agent in philosophical research, confirms the opinion I gather from Cavallo and other authors on the subject of its utility. For all meteorological purposes, as I have said, it is sufficient; and to explore, or rather to survey the geographical features of any territory it would be evidently adapted. But here again objection rises; for the vitality of the balloon is not constant, and its animating spirit becomes spent with vicissitudes of temperature. To bring it within the management of the aeronaut, the employment of the valve exhausts in a limited time its sustaining power. If used for geographical purposes, the scene of its utility would lie at a distance, and therefore it should be rendered capable of maintaining a continued buoyancy; or some ready means of generating gas should be within the resources of the occupant of its car, who, descending at will, should be enabled to provide it, at a moderate expense of time and cost. This, again, is a speculative project. I think, however, that no objection can be successfully urged against the more frequent use of the balloon for purposes of philosophical research; and that, as I have elsewhere said, the sciences of aerostation and meteorology must progress together as wedded sciences, in the same

manner as magnetism with astronomy, combines to form the art of navigation. The effect of a mutual reaction upon each other we are unable to conjecture, further than to anticipate with confidence increased results to meteorological discovery, and more than probable exten-

constantly full, so as to be always ready for exercise, and when not in use was fastened up by ropes, and kept inflated, without replenishing with gas. After two months, it is said, its buoyant power was sufficient to raise in air two men, with the necessary ballast and instruments for



BLANCHARD'S BALLOON AND APPARATUS.

sion of the properties and simple soaring power of the balloon. So far as my own experience tends to a conclusion, I should be led to believe that the science of aerostation adapts itself much more to our intellectual necessities than to the fulfilment of any social want.

In the early part of the revolutionary war, the French, to whom its invention belongs, imagined the balloon would serve as a military observatory, and seriously addressed themselves to the task of employing it as a means of reconnoitring from a height the movements of the opposing force. To carry out this idea, an Aerostatic Institute was founded at Meudon, near Paris, and the utmost secrecy adopted. It was given to Guyton Moreau, the celebrated chemist, and M. Coutel, to superintend its operations. A balloon 32 feet in diameter was maintained as a practising machine for young pupils, the school itself numbering sixty students. M. Moreau introduced a new machine of his own for generating inflammable air, easily practicable and of moderate expense. By this method 17,000 cubic feet could be generated in four hours. The practising balloon was kept

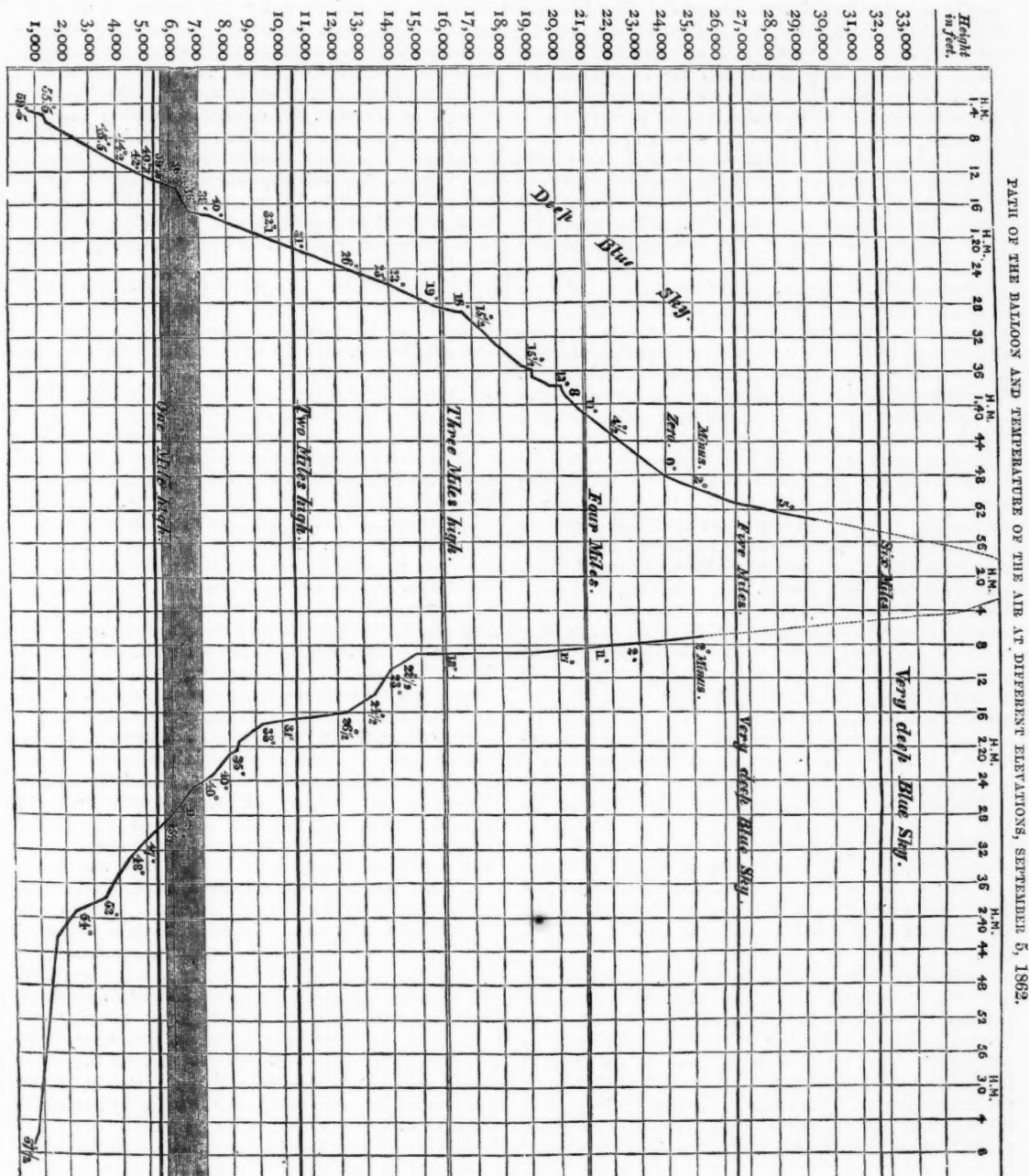
observation. When in practice, the colonel of the corps seated himself in the car, accompanied by a pupil, the machine, secured by cord and windlass, being allowed to rise to 500 or 600 feet. M. Coutel constructed a balloon for the different divisions of the French army, of which "L'Entrepreneur" was for the division in the north, and "L'Intrépide" for the army in Egypt. In June, 1794, just before the battle of Fleurus, M. Coutel ascended, accompanied by an adjutant and general. They rose to a height of several hundred feet, and there remained secured by rope and windlass. They ascended twice the same day, remaining up each time four hours. During the second time they were discovered by the enemy and fired upon; but they ascended rapidly beyond cannon shot, and descended after completing their operations. On descending they communicated with General Jourdan, and the information thus obtained contributed to his gaining a speedy victory over the Austrian forces on the plain of Fleurus.

For several years Mr. Coxwell has called the attention of our own Government to this subject, and his

recent experiments at Aldershot and Woolwich have proved satisfactory.

But with the completion of the war died out the trial ascents at Meudon, and in the beginning of the last century the balloon that gained the battle of Fleurus was applied to the uses of philosophy. This was in 1804, when Messrs. Biot and Gay Lussac proposed to explore the regions of the atmosphere. This desire was seconded by La Place and Chaptal, Chemist and Minister of the Interior. Government acceded to their wish, and "L'Entreprenant" was ordered to be equipped with everything necessary to their expedition. They carried with them barometers, thermometers, hygrometers, and electro-

meters, two compasses and a dipping-needle; in addition, also a very delicate needle insulated and suspended, for ascertaining the vibrations of the magnetic force. They took with them several metallic wires from 60 to 300 feet in length, and a small electrometer fully charged; discs of copper and zinc, for galvanic experiments; also some frogs, insects, and birds: these last as living tests. They also carried an exhausted flask fitted with a stop-cock, to bring down a portion of the air for chemical analysis. On the 28th of August they ascended from the Conservatoire des Arts; they rose slowly, and in a few minutes entered among the clouds—a thin, misty, wetting layer. The balloon having



now become quite inflated, they descended upon opening the upper valve. They then threw out some ballast to gain a greater elevation, and when about 6500 feet high, they looked down upon the clouds below, and began their experimental operations. The magnetic needle was found to retain its property, but its rate of oscillation could not be determined, because of the gently gyratory movement of the balloon and car, which prevented the deflections of the needle being accurately observed. At a higher elevation, of about 8600 feet, the reading of the thermometer was 56° , yet the observers felt scorched by the sun's rays; their pulses were greatly quickened, that of Biot from 76 times in a minute to 111, and that of Gay Lussac from 60 to 80 beats in a minute. They experienced, however, no uneasiness, and no difficulty of breathing. At the height of 11,000 feet they liberated a green linnet, which flew away directly, and then returned; presently it took flight, and precipitated itself almost perpendicularly down into the less attenuated regions of the air. The same with a pigeon: placed on the edge of the car, it rested awhile as if to gather courage, and then precipitated itself into the regions below, where it was lost to view among the clouds. They let down from the car an insulated wire 250 feet in length, and from the reading of the electrometer found the electricity to be negative. This experiment they several times repeated, and it seemed to confirm the previous observations of De Saussure, made on mountain sides, of the increase of electricity in the atmosphere with increase of height. For the temperature of the dew point they had no instruments, only an hygrometer of De Saussure, and were unable to make any good observations on the humidity of the atmosphere. The method of determining the degree of dryness of the air by the process of evaporation was then unknown. And the most delicate and sensitive of meteorological instruments, the wet and dry bulb thermometers, had no place among the equipments of Gay Lussac. Having thrown out all their ballast, the adventurers prepared to descend, by opening the upper valve. The descent was gently and safely effected, and at a height of 400 feet above the earth they again met with a stratum of cloud, through which they passed. On reaching the ground they were dragged along over the surface of a field, and would appear to have been unprovided with a grappling-iron; no one came to their assistance, and they were forced to empty their balloon by allowing every particle of gas to escape. The voyage was therefore entirely at an end, and M. Gay Lussac was thus forced to abandon the idea of reascending by himself for further observations. They landed near a village in the department of the Loiret, about fifty miles from Paris.

This is the original voyage, afterwards repeated by Gay Lussac, the written report of which contributed much to direct my own attention to the series I have since performed. The second time Gay Lussac ascended, he did so alone, and attained the height of 22,977 feet above Paris. During this ascent he found the features of the aerial landscape greatly changed. Instead of dense white fleecy clouds below, and an atmosphere above of the deepest blue, he descried no clouds near the surface of the earth, but a range of them, stretching, even at his highest elevation, considerably above his head. The atmosphere, he noted, was misty and devoid of colouring. At his greatest height he found the magnetism of the earth exerted with the same force as down below. His observations with the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, were made at regular intervals; but, as he omitted to mark the times at which they were made, these results are want-

ing in value; for the readings would necessarily vary with the time of day, no less than with increased elevation. Moreover, there was no arrangement for simultaneous readings at the Observatory. While observing at his highest elevation he suffered from excessive cold; his hands were benumbed, and he felt a difficulty in breathing; his pulse, as before, was greatly quickened; and his throat became parched with the dryness of the air, so that he could scarcely swallow.

The thermometers he carried with him were protected from the action of the sun by two concentric cylinders of pasteboard covered with gilt paper. The hygrometers were constructed according to Saussure's plan, with hairs, and were sheltered in the same way. The exhausted flask, fitted with a stop-cock, served to bring down the air of these upper regions, and, when immersed in water, the air thus discharged beneath its surface showed, when analysed, that the atmosphere throughout, at whatever elevation, is essentially the same.

To Gay Lussac sufficient praise and admiration can hardly be accorded. He appears to have been the observer and sole aeronaut of his balloon, having therefore, in addition to his numerous instruments, to conduct the voyage, the difficulty of which became greatly enhanced by the great elevation he attained, which, until inured by repeated ascents, would have the effect of increasing into an act of difficulty every physical exertion.

To France belongs the merit of the most important applications of the balloon which have been as yet suggested. It is remarkable, however, that, after the battle of Fleurus, there is no more mention of the Aërostatic Institute, and with the experiment of Gay Lussac died away, for France, as for other nations, all design for the serious and useful employment of the balloon.

The undisturbed tranquillity which, under favourable conditions and competent management, the balloon affords to the traveller in air, is very much in favour of its adoption in aid of the uses of philosophy. The sensations of an aeronaut on rising are not those of a voyager to a distant country. He experiences no regret at leaving the earth, no giddiness, and no sense of insecurity. As soon as the balloon is freed from the restraining ropes and assumes its element, it enters upon a calm, and is from that moment inseparable from the influences which surround it. If the wind is strong, it voyages with velocity; but the traveller knows nothing of it: meeting with no opposition, a dead calm and silence prevails. When ascending, after the earth is veiled from view by intervening clouds, the traveller knows nothing of his elevation, excepting by the reading of his barometer. Unless there be a brilliantly clear atmosphere, the probability is, that the aeronaut, in an ascent of even two miles from the earth, may undergo various vicissitudes of fog, both wet and dry, rain, clear atmosphere, sunshine; it may be snow, then mist, and rain again. According to the seasons of the year he will find clouds of different denominations at various elevations, and when clear, the sky of a purity and depth of colour induced by the season of the year, varying, according to my experience, in depth and brilliancy, one season from another. Thus, in no ascent that I made in 1863 was the sky of the same depth of colour as the year preceding. At an elevation of five, six, and seven miles the blue is brightest, for the reason that the air is almost deprived of moisture; the fainter blue of the sky, towards the surface of the earth, being caused by the light reflected on the watery vapour belonging to the lower regions of the atmosphere. The traveller in air has time to mark all that comes within range of his

bodily sensations and natural power of vision; but to persevere in a system of observations which shall record in turn the indications of a collected group of instruments, requires a power of will, arising chiefly from the personal discomfort attending the vicissitudes of which he himself becomes a living and very sensitive test.

But these conditions are well compensated by the impressions they create, and they should be sought as essential to the value of the enterprise; for the disturbing influences of the atmosphere are best challenged for inquiry when in operation; and as the balloon floats with the current of the vapours, every phenomenon of change is displayed in its continued sequence of rise, progress, and subsidence into change again. Moving horizontally in space, the balloon has no power to move from the clouds by which it is surrounded; but by discharging sand it can rise vertically, the clouds appearing to sink and recede from view.

In the same manner, in descending, the earth appears advancing from below, and in the event of a rapid and unlooked-for descent might seem to justify the phrase of an American humourist and aeronaut, who, having broken his valve-door, was preparing to come down gently, when the earth *bounced up* against the bottom of his car. The plane of the earth offers another delusion to the traveller in air, to whom it appears as a concave surface, and who surveys the line of the horizon as an unbroken circle, rising up, in relation to the hollow of the concave hemisphere, like the rim of a shallow inverted watch-glass, to the height of the eye of the observer, how high soever he may be, the blue atmosphere above closing over it like the corresponding hemisphere reversed. At the height of four miles the earth is visible if not shut out by intervening clouds. Through the fine clear atmosphere the divisions on its surface are clearly to be seen at this elevation, and the character of the country plainly to be discerned. Of all the sounds arising from it, which break the stillness of the upper air, the shrillest and most penetrating is the barking of a dog, which I have heard when at a height of two miles; and when deeper, more effective sounds below are completely lost to these upper regions. The concave appearance which the earth assumes at an elevation extends, as might be supposed, to the billows of clouds which, massed together and piled high one on the other, oftentimes close out the earth and extend round to the circular horizon. Ranging in sunshine, and surrounded by a boundless sea of dense white cumuli, presenting miles of blinding surface rising up around me in rounded masses always in movement—in the centre of such a scene I have been for a time unable to read from the ivory scales of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra's very fine and delicate thermometers; the dazzle has for a moment communicated the blindness which Alpine travellers experience among the summits of the glaciers.

The intellectual enjoyment of an aerial voyage is not to be described. It is the exercise of a new faculty; and, as we ascend high up into the attenuated regions of the air, the silence and vastness of the universe address themselves to the least imaginative. On September 5th of 1862 I ascended, with Mr. Coxwell, to a height of seven miles. On this occasion we nearly paid the penalty of our enterprise with loss of life. In these regions life cannot exist; and in the boundless space in which our globe revolves, and which includes the planets and systems of the universe, there is the hush and silence of death; no creature that we know of can live in those shoreless solitudes. The sounds which belong to ourselves in those regions are exagger-

ated to preternatural force and distinctness; each respiration may be counted, and the beat of our watches is a sound remarkably distinct; but there is no reverberation. The clang of the valve-door is a noise which fills the vastness; but there is no echo: it is the sound, and itself alone. I cannot describe the effect of traversing these vast and trackless solitudes, or the sensations of the inevitable asphyxia, which warn us that man was created for the earth, and the limits of his existence defined in space; that beyond is the kingdom of death, where all animal life becomes extinct. We took with us some pigeons. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, when it extended its wings and dropped and disappeared. A second, at four miles, wheeled round and round, preparing for flight, taking a dip each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards, as a stone. A fourth was thrown out at four miles, on descending: it flew in a circle, and then alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground: one had perished with the cold; the other, a "carrier," was still living; but it would not leave my hand when I attempted to throw it off. A quarter of an hour after, it began to peck at a piece of blue ribbon round its neck, which held the label; and presently, when jerked off the finger, it flew with tolerable strength towards Wolverhampton. We were within seven miles of Ludlow, and one only of the pigeons returned; which, I am unable to say. The engraving on the preceding page represents the path of the balloon on this occasion. The dotted line records where we became insensible. The temperature, it will be observed, declined to an extreme as we ascended. When we left the earth the thermometer read 59° and the dew point 50°: at the height of one mile it was 41°, and the dew point 38°. Shortly after, we passed into the region of saturation, and entered among the clouds, in one place above 11,000 feet in depth. In a quarter of an hour we were above this layer, and came upon a flood of sunlight, with a cloudless sky above, of the deepest blue, with endless hills and hillocks, mountain chains, and many snow-white heaps rising from them. At five miles high the temperature had fallen below zero. When I became insensible, a sudden darkness fell upon me, as that of approaching death—an intensity of blackness which has told me since that the optic nerve had lost its power. After I felt the blinding darkness unconsciousness stole over me. With a comrade given to alarm, or less active, I had never awoken again; but Mr. Coxwell, tenacious of his life and mine, in the hour of approaching insensibility seized the valve-cord with his teeth, his hands being powerless, and in two or three pulls effected our return into more congenial regions.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

II.

ANOTHER of Dr. Whately's eminently important observations is upon the imaginary merit of what are called "good works." He disproves any such presumed claim on two grounds. The first is derived from the idea of "duty;" the second from an examination of "conscience." Of the former he thus writes ("Lessons on Morals," vi. § 5):—

"Some, however, are apt to speak as if they thought that virtue is, in itself, naturally entitled to reward; and that, if any being *could* lead a life (though none of us does so) of perfect unsinning virtue, he might then justly claim [though we cannot] to be rewarded with immortal happiness.

"But you may easily perceive, from considering what is the nature of *duty*, that such a notion is quite groundless. For it is evident that a *duty* must be something that is *due*—a debt which we are *bound* to discharge. That is the very meaning of the word; and no one can be justly entitled to reward for merely paying his debts. If a man *fail* to pay what he is bound to pay, he is liable to punishment. If he does pay his debts, he is exempt from punishment; and that is all he can claim.

"Reward is what a man is justly entitled to only for doing something *beyond* what he was bound to; something which he could not have been liable to punishment for not doing. For instance, if a man devotes his own private property, and time, and labour, to the effecting of some great public benefit, when he was not required to do so, the nation will think such a man worthy of being rewarded by some public honours bestowed on him. And when any one bountifully relieves, out of his own private purse, his distressed neighbours who had no claim on him, this is a *merit* as regards *them*.

"But the Most High has evidently a just claim to the obedience of his creatures; and all that they can do in the keeping of his commandments can have no claim of merit in his sight, being only the payment of a debt due to him."

This argument, derived from the idea of duty, is just as important as it is true, and cannot be too strongly enforced, or too well known. But the Archbishop thinks it may be corroborated by a second one, derived from an examination of conscience. This latter statement appears to be quite new, and is well deserving of much attention. He says ("Lessons on Morals," ix. § 2)—

"The most enlightened conscience, and the most exact compliance with its dictates, will never of itself afford us directly any positive pleasure, though it will save us from a vast amount of pain. For it is the office of conscience to point out what is our duty; that is, what is *due*, what we are bound to do, as a man is to pay his debts.

"In this respect, then, the moral faculty [or "moral sense," or "conscience," or "sense of justice"] differs from our other faculties, sentiments, and propensities. For each of these, when strong, not only gives pain if its exercise is impeded, but affords positive pleasure when its action is freely called forth.

"But the moral faculty—which some call conscientiousness—is an exception. When it is strong it is capable of giving, if opposed, great pain; but, as has been above explained, no direct positive pleasure if complied with."

To complete his argument, the Archbishop endeavours to show that what is commonly supposed to be the "direct pleasure" arising from compliance with conscience, really arises from other circumstances, and is an indirect gratification from the discharge of duty.

Now the Scriptures state that "the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord;" that is, sin *deserves* death, but obedience does not *deserve* life; for this is the *gift* of God through Christ Jesus. And this is exactly what Archbishop Whately evolves, both from the correct idea of "duty," and from an examination of conscience. It would be perhaps impossible to point out a more beautiful instance of accordance between a revealed truth of the very highest importance, and the true indications of our moral nature. To all deep thinkers the conformity is not less important than beautiful. And both for this, and his observation upon the evidence for a primitive revelation to be derived from the existence of civiliza-

tion, Dr. Whately is fairly entitled to the credit of having rendered new and great service to the cause of Divine truth.

Many persons are aware that, in addition to miracles and completions of prophecy, which—to use the words of a great writer—are the two proper and fundamental proofs of revelation, there is another larger and deeply interesting class of proofs, known as "internal evidences." Such, for instance, are the doctrines of the New Testament, which, in their singular purity and adaptation to the true wants of our nature, carry their own credentials. Because, especially if we consider who the writers of the Gospels were, they are so entirely beyond anything which unassisted men could have devised, as to prohibit the possibility of assigning the authorship to them.

It is, of course, quite intelligible that the actual contents of the Bible should thus furnish new and delightful witness to its heavenly original. But it may, at first sight, appear strange, as it must be to many novel, that we can, in this particular, make a like use of what the word of God does *not contain* as of what it does; in short, that there are omissions of a certain kind—*i.e.*, certain things which the Bible *excludes*—which may be employed in proof of its inspiration, as well as those things which it includes.

We must not here, however, fall into a misconception which would be not only contrary to the truth itself, but also to the prejudice of a very valuable and interesting argument. No one can suppose, or mean to assert, that anything—no matter what it may be—which the Bible omits can be as important, or as needful for our instruction and guidance, as those things which it inserts. No one in his senses would of course deliberately maintain that certain things left out, though highly important for a certain use to be made of them, are *equally* important with the positive statements of God's holy word; but only this, that there are omissions of a peculiar kind, which may with justice be used as satisfactory evidence that the Bible could not have come from men, but must have been from God. The *evidential* character of those omissions is the point to be insisted on; that is, the proof which they, in their own degree, and in common with the actual contents, furnish us with of its inspiration. They have this use, and we shall hereafter see they have another. But, though attaching, as we shall be justified in doing, so much value to them in this, as in another particular, to be subsequently mentioned, we are yet to guard against the misapprehension of assigning a false value, when ascribing to them an important use. That they are valuable and important does not mean that they are, or can be, equally so with those great truths which the word of God contains.

Dr. Whately has, with his usual sagacity, pressed this argument into good service for religion. As the subject itself is most interesting, and entirely new to many persons who are quite able to appreciate it when known, we shall, before referring to the instances which he selects, state the nature of the proof itself.

The Bible, it is clear, can have but one of two authors. It must either be the composition of men or the work of God. Such being the case, it will at once follow that all circumstances which tend to show the improbability of a human origin must, in whatever measure they can effect this, tend at the same time to establish the probability of a Divine. The unlikelihood of the one is—as there are but the two sources—the exact measure of the likelihood of the other.

Now though, because of our ignorance of the nature and designs of the Almighty, we are not in any respect

competent judges, *à priori*, to decide upon what it might please him either to say or to leave unsaid; still we are, because we do know the nature of man, competent to assert that there are some things, at least, which men writing upon subjects of deep and common interest would not be likely, were they the sole authors, to leave unsaid. Nay, it is past doubt that we can, with much more safety of judgment, lay our finger upon certain things much less likely to be omitted than we can, perhaps, upon any likely to be inserted. Bishop Warburton, for instance, fastens upon the silence of the Mosaic Code as to any connection between future happiness and obedience to its enactments, as a convincing proof that this system of legislation must have come from God. That omission he thinks most significant. Of course he did not mean to say that those who lived before, and during "the law," were not well aware of a future state of rewards and punishments. His assertion is, that there is no mention in the Mosaic Code itself of future happiness being promised as a reward for obedience. The law is wholly *silent* on the subject. And his inference from this singular omission is, that the writer of the Pentateuch must have been inspired. No man, undirected by the Spirit of God, would have thought of, or ventured such a seeming *defect*, when professing to give an account of God's own legislative enactments. He would at once have been condemned as an impostor. But we, who know that the real object of the law was to be our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ, can at once perceive why such an omission was made. For we see that the silence of the law about a future life was in exact accordance with the declared inability of the law to procure or confer it. The force of Dr. Warburton's argument is therefore clear. No mere man would have ventured upon an omission so striking. In a procession of Cæsar's, it was observed that the absence of Cato's statue attracted more attention, and occasioned more remarks, than the presence of all the others. The case is the same with certain omissions from the Bible. Their singularity and strangeness are such as to be unaccountable upon the supposition of a human original. And hence the proof which they furnish of a Divine.

Again, let us consider the writers of the Gospels, who give us the personal history of the Lord Jesus. Is it conceivable that, when writing upon such a subject, they would, unless withheld by Divine control, have avoided, save in a single particular, all reference to the boyhood of the Lord; how he spent his time; who were his companions; what, if any, indications were there of his subsequent character? The intense natural craving of people for such information is best attested by the marvellous popularity of a book written in the early age of the church, and professing to give an account of those very particulars on which the silence of the Evangelists is so significant. The Gospels almost wholly overleap the entire interval (many years) between his birth and entrance upon his ministry. Would they, if undirected by the Spirit of God, have ever ventured upon such violence to the universal curiosity of our race? It is clear they would not. We who know that the *ministry* of the Lord Jesus is for us the matter of moment, can account for the suppression of all things which, however delightful as matters of natural curiosity, have no relation, which we know of, to our eternal interests. But what uninspired men would have invited the defeat of their own purposes by omissions which would be gratuitously repulsive, unless accounted for by the only sufficient explanation?

This line of argument is indeed so striking as to be susceptible of numberless verifications, when once our

attention is directed to it. Compare, for instance, the Bible with the Koran. The former suppresses all *particular* descriptions of a future state; the latter is full of them. Now there is an insatiable craving for information on this very subject. Our thoughts are perpetually projecting themselves into futurity, and supplementing in imagination the (presumed) deficiencies of the Bible. We are incessantly picturing the scenes and occupations of "the hereafter." And the wonder is all the greater that there should be, in the only source from which we derive all our important knowledge of a future state, what Paley calls "a total evitment of particulars." This natural curiosity the Koran gratifies by its falsehoods, but of it the Bible takes no heed. Here, therefore, we recognise the Divine, there the human authorship.

The instances which the Archbishop selects are catechisms, creeds, liturgies, etc. Such omissions in the New Testament are, he contends, convincing proof that its writers were withheld by an overruling agency from making insertions which, without such control, they would most certainly have done. They were Jews, familiarized with a strict ritual. The omissions of such forms would be, therefore, to them an innovation so intolerable to their habits and tendencies, as to be utterly inexplicable by any merely human motives. Either they would have incorporated them in the Bible, or transmitted them in other written forms. Of course, there would be no argument here at all if these things were of little or no importance, because, in that case, their comparative insignificance would of itself be a sufficient reason for their exclusion. But its force is, that, notwithstanding their importance, they are yet omitted by men who had every inducement and inclination to insert them, and who, in the violence thus done to their national sympathies and tendencies, make evident the operation of superhuman control. Their compilation and use were left to the church. But such compilation and use are not matters of choice, but matters of apparent necessity. For we may safely admit that, if it be an indispensable part of the duty of the church to instruct the young, the use of catechisms, as an obvious requisite for religious education, will be an indispensable part of her practice.

Creeds, which are summaries of the more important doctrines of Christianity to be *taught* by the church, but *proved* by the Bible, have their *origin* in the same duty of instructing. But their *enlargement* is owing to another duty of the same church; namely, that of protecting the *sense* of the Bible, and the faith of her members, against the danger and dishonesty of heretics who, while using the language of Scripture, perverted its meaning. It was, therefore, clearly an indispensable office of Christ's church to give, so far as men could give, the true interpretation of words which had been misused by the advocates of ruinous errors. To this cause we owe not the origin, but the enlargement of creeds. And we Christians look upon them as precious legacies of our forefathers' care, for their own and for future times; as "fossil records" of the sore struggles which they maintained for the conservation of God's truth. But though necessary for instruction, and precious for the memories which they embalm, they are still the compilations of men, and not, as the Bible, the direct inspiration of God. Now, the great Head of the church foresaw the use and indispensableness of such formularies as assistants to the due discharge of her office; yet, though foreseeing the necessity, he overruled their insertion, in any form, in his own word. And why is this? Because, if such summaries had formed a portion of the Bible, we should have regarded them theoretically with equal veneration as other portions, and in practice perhaps with more. For, being

summaries of doctrines, many, if not most persons, would have been content with them, and would be led to under-rate the duty and importance of studying the whole word of God, and of comparing spiritual things with spiritual. The wisdom of such omissions is therefore palpable. The *unlikely* that such would have ever been made by men with such tendencies as the New Testament writers, unless so directed by Divine power, constitutes the force of the Archbishop's most interesting and valuable argument.

But the whole importance of this matter does not end here. One use of such "omissions" is, as we have seen, to serve as a proof of the inspiration of the Bible. But they have another use too: *they are prohibitions upon speculation.*

Wherever "omissions" occur in the Bible, they are *designed*. Where they occur in the writings of men, they are mainly the result of inability to grasp the whole subject, and arise from the limited capacity of their authors. In the Bible this is not the case. Hence we must regard its omissions as intentional indications that its Author designed, on these subjects, to forbid speculation and inquiry, by his refusal to supply the means for their gratification. Now the tendency of the human mind is towards speculation, and not towards duty. Hence the value of such a lesson, because of our proneness to overlook and neglect it. It is a discipline to our intellect, which sorely needs to learn submission, and a direction to wait patiently for that fuller revelation of his plans and purposes which the Father will, according to the time which he hath put in his own power, make known to them that are his. It is, therefore, of the utmost value that men should be taught to reflect that they should shrink, as a duty, from indulging in speculations where the Bible is silent, because such silence is designed to repress such speculation. If otherwise, they are in reality declaring their ignorance of the true character of God's word, which, while containing all things necessary for salvation, never contains anything to gratify curiosity. We have dwelt at some length upon this singularly interesting subject, not only for its intrinsic value, but also because it is new to many persons who may derive much instruction from its consideration.

HOW I GOT ON AT THE WEDDING.

A SCENE IN CHINA.

THE subject of Chinese marriages is one which I have long intended to write about; but the ceremonies and customs attending them are so numerous that it is impossible to enumerate them all.* However, I will now introduce you to a marriage scene in which I lately participated, and it will serve as a type of the ordinary marriage ceremonies among the middle class of Cantonese. Two of the chief actors in this scene are particular friends of mine. Can you picture them sitting by a teapoy, chatting and drinking tea? One with a fan in his hand is my comrade, and a very polite individual he is; the other is his younger brother, my sin-shang, or teacher. He has a cup of tea in his hand, and is in the act of scraping the floating leaves and stalks from the side of his cup: this he does with the earthenware lid or cover of the cup. A water tobacco-pipe is on the table, made of brass. A little tobacco is put in the

short upright tube, and the smoke is drawn through the water in the expansion below. An inexperienced smoker is apt to draw the water into his mouth as well as the smoke. The pipe is usually filled, held, and the light applied by an attendant boy, who keeps the mouth-piece within a few inches of his master's mouth, popping it in for him whenever a cessation in the conversation permits him to take a puff. A vase of artificial flowers is also on the table. The furniture is characteristic, is very linear, and very uncomfortable according to English notions. There is a straight heavy chair on each side of a small table or teapoy, equally square and straight. Every Chinese reception-room is thus furnished. There are chair, teapoy, chair, chair, teapoy, chair, all round the room. A dais at the end is the only additional article required, and none of these are supposed to be moved from their place.

Well, these two brothers are the worthy gentlemen of whom I have to tell you. The elder is Mr. Pun-fat, and the other is Pun-wing. Their father is dead. Pun is the surname, which, in that common contrariness of Chinese habits, is always placed first. Fat, the elder brother, is married, and rejoices in a son and heir, who sometimes condescends to allow me to carry him in my arms without crying, and calls me Mr. Chin-chin. Fat has also a baby daughter; but children of that sex are not counted by the Chinese.

It chanced that Fat one day, while ruminating on the fortunes of the family, and lamenting, probably, the ill luck (as they deem it) which attended the sex of his second child, bethought him that his younger brother, Wing, ought to marry. Accordingly, probably (but not of necessity), first acquainting Wing with this happy idea which had struck him so suddenly, he set to work to find a suitable lady to present as a bride to his younger brother. In negotiating these matters it is customary to employ middlemen (or women), who set forth the attractions of the several eligible marriageable ladies who come within their mediatory influence, or, in other words, whose mammas and papas have commissioned them (the middlemen) to seek for suitable husbands for their daughters.

The selection being made (by Fat, of course), Wing was then informed of the state of affairs, and was directed to make necessary preparations. He, however, had some objections to marrying; thought himself too young, had no means of supporting a family, and so on, all of which objections were overruled by the elder brother, Fat; and finally Wing, as in duty bound, gave respectful obedience to the dictates of Fat acting *in loco parentis*.

The middlemen were now paid for their services, and the elder brother negotiated matters of detail directly with the parents of the bride-elect.

The day appointed for the wedding approached. Presents were constantly interchanged. Furniture and decorations were being bought or hired for the occasion. All were bustle and excitement. Invitations were sent round: complimentary cards and letters and calls were received.

The day arrived. Fat's house was decorated with gilt and tinsel. Huge scrolls, on which were inscribed quotations from the classics, or other works, and which had been presented by the invited guests, adorned the walls. Small orange-trees were introduced into the grand hall, and paper dragons, and nondescript animals of the same material, vied with each other in hideous ugliness. In the meantime a procession went along the streets. Half a dozen ragged boys, with faded red cloaks making scarce any pretensions to cover the rags, and none to cover the bare legs, led the way with tim-

* In "The Leisure Hour" for 1863 will be found an interesting account of marriage ceremonies, in a series of papers entitled "Our Sisters in China," communicated by an English lady, the wife of a missionary. The volume had not reached our correspondent at Canton when his paper was written.

brels and fifes. Gilded stages, borne on men's shoulders by means of poles, and containing ornaments, fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, etc.; more ragged boys with music and flags; still more boys, gorgeously dressed, the rags more effectually concealed; red and gilt, noise and clatter, rags and faded finery (hired for the occasion)—pass along the streets. This is the marriage procession. A huge sedan chair, one mass of gilded carving, brings up the rear. In this the bride is seated. She is conveyed from her father's house, and carried blindfolded to that of her future husband, attended by none of her own kindred save the youngest male adult member of the family.

The procession halts, commingles with the crowd of sight-seers, and, amidst no small confusion, hubbub, and noise, the bride alights from her sedan, enters the house, and, for the first time in her life, beholds her future husband. Her younger brother, who brought her, leaves immediately, and, except an old servant or two he left with her, the bride is left alone in the midst of strangers, and is at once conducted to her bed-room, arrayed in bridal costume. In the meanwhile the guests have arrived. They, of course, are all of the sterner sex; nevertheless, etiquette requires them to visit the bride in her own room, when they make any remark they choose as to her personal appearance. "What beautiful feet she has! what superb teeth! what exquisite eyes!" And, while these remarks are being made, she stands bowing to her guests, raising her folded hands to her head, her arms supported by a female servant on either side. All day long guests come and go, and the poor bride must be very tired before evening comes, to put an end to her laborious duty.

For my part, I had made up my mind to go through this part of the proceeding in person, though I did not like the idea. You know what an awkward bashful fellow I am in the company of ladies. However, I determined to go. I learned beforehand that a cup of tea would be handed to me, and I diligently practised the right pronunciation of a few complimentary words, which it would, I knew, be very rude of me to omit before drinking the tea. It was evening. I screwed up my courage, repeated my complimentary phrase to myself, and boldly entered the small bed-room in company with several Chinese, who, some to have another look at the bride, and some to witness my awkwardness, crowded round me and filled the doorway.

The bride arose, and commenced bowing to me. Being a very nervous man, this was rather a formidable attack. What could I do? I made a bow, and then looked to Fat for help. "Oh, Fat!" said I, "do tell her to sit down—tell her not to bow to me. Say something very pretty and polite to her, and say it is from me."

Fat smiled roguishly, raised his voice, and addressed the fair bride. I could not have spoken a word of Chinese at the moment, I was so confused. It was a close, warm evening. The room was very small, very crowded, very hot. I began to feel faint. Then I heard Fat's voice above the din of the crowd. He had "a polite speech to make in my name." Then I heard him say in Chinese, every word of which I understood, "Here is the honourable foreign S— come to see you. He is a great and important man: bow to him; knock your head on the ground to him" (imagine my horror when she prostrated herself before me). "Show the foreign gentleman your small feet" (she did so, to my dismay). Then, addressing himself to me, Fat said, "There, look at her face: don't you think it pretty? It's too dark: bring a candle;" and, holding a dirty candle to her countenance, he dragged me to take a closer inspec-

tion. Then the ceremonial cup of tea was handed to me; but, instead of uttering my prettily prepared compliment, I gulped it down and asked for more.

All this time the guests, some thirty in number, are eating and drinking in the great hall. Dishes are constantly being changed, and all feast heartily. The utmost good feeling seems to prevail; all are courteous and polite to each other; there is a sufficiency of ceremony to preserve decorum, and yet all is sufficiently informal to make all feel at home.

But where is the bridegroom, Mr. Wing, all this time? We left him at the door receiving his bride. After that he participates in none of the festivities, but walks about the festal hall, seeing that his guests are well served, bowing to the doorway every one who goes, and from the doorway every one who arrives. He, poor fellow, eats his plain every-day meal alone. He does not touch the viands the guests partake of; it would not be polite; and very tired he looks. Fat, too, has had a hard day's work. He has to bow and scrape to every guest, and help his younger brother to see that the neighbouring cook-shop keeps the tables well supplied. Only he has this advantage over poor Wing, that he may help himself to the viands, and the wine gives him an artificial strength, and a spurious sparkling of the eye, which his unfeasted brother lacks. Six boys at the doorway clatter their cymbals as each guest comes and goes, the constant din of which is anything but refreshing. By ten o'clock all have separated for their respective homes, and the Pun family retire to rest.

The next day the festivities are renewed; but instead of the gentlemen paying their visits to the bride's bed-room, she comes out when all are seated at the tables, and knocks her head on the ground to her husband's friends. They, unmannerly fellows, pay little attention to this ceremony, but go on eating their nuts, or rather their dried melon-seeds, paying as much attention to the prostrate bride as you might to a dog looking up for a bone. As the son of my father, however, and a thoroughbred Englishman, I could not stand this—or rather, I could not sit. So I rose on my feet, and begged her to rise. The Chinese at my table followed my example, and intimated their lordly satisfaction at the homage paid, by saying to the bride, "You are polite, you are polite; that is etiquette: you may get up."

A third day's festivities, with some slight difference in the ceremonies, completed the wedding arrangements of Mr. Pun-wing. That the bride and bridegroom never see each other, and know in fact nothing whatever of each other until the wedding-day, is the proper etiquette. But I believe they very commonly know much more about the arrangements than they profess to do. And what do you think they have instead of bride-cake? A roasted pig! It is cut up, and pieces are sent to the bride's parents and other friends, just as we distribute our much more palatable, though not less digestible cake. But there is more meaning in the pig: the non-receipt of it by the bride's parents causes them anxiety lest some great misfortunes should befall their daughter.

The scene at the bride's parents', for two or three days before the wedding, more resembles the preliminaries of a funeral. Everybody, especially the bride, is weeping; and if they cannot weep a sufficient quantity, hired weepers are engaged, who fill the house with their lamentations, and perform their part so well that any one not knowing that they were only shamming would think their hearts were bursting with grief. Tears flow from their eyes, and they sigh and groan most piteously. All this is supposed to represent the grief of the daughter at parting from her parents.

Varieties.

DECIMAL NOTATION OF ENGLISH COINS.—The following table exhibits the definite decimals of existing English coins, with only a *new* division of the shilling into 10 (ten), the sixpence into 5, proposed to be called the "New Penny;" and with the division of the "New Penny" into one "New Halfpenny," and into 5 (five), proposed to be called fifts, thus:—

s.	£	s.	£
A Guinea . . .	=21 =1.05	7	=.35
A Sovereign . .	=20 =1.00	6	=.30
19	=.95	5	=.25
18	=.90	4	=.20
17	=.85	3	=.15 [2s. 6d.
16	=.80	2 6d.	=.125 = old
15	=.75	A Florin . . .	2 =.1
14	=.70	A Shilling . .	1 =.05 [pence
13	=.65	A Sixpence . .	5d. =.025 = 6old
12	=.60	A New Penny .	1d. =.005
11	=.55	½ "	½ d. =.004
10	=.50	½ "	½ d. =.003
9	=.45	A New Halfpenny	½ d. =.0025
8	=.40	½ "	½ d. =.0020
		½ "	½ d. =.0010

s.	d.	
25 new fifts	= 0 6	Half of ½ may be received by giving
48 old farthings	= 1 0	¾ for one new halfpenny.
50 new fifts	= 1 0	
100 new fifts	= 1 florin	
1000 "	= 20 0	Half of a ¾ may be paid by giving
2000 half-fifts	= 20 0	¾ for one new halfpenny.

6, Vassall Terrace, Kensington.

J. JOPLING.

STRIKING INCIDENT.—One Sabbath morning a singular lapse of memory befell me, which I had never before and have never since experienced. When I rose from sleep I could not recollect any portion of the discourse which I had prepared on the day before; and what was most strange, I could not even remember the text of the prepared sermon. I was perplexed, and walked out before breakfast in Kensington Gardens. While there a particular text occurred to my mind; and my thoughts seemed to dwell upon it so much, that I resolved to preach from that, without further attempting to recall what I had prepared—a thing which I had never ventured to do during all my ministry. From this text I preached, and it was, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I preached with great liberty, and in the course of the sermon I quoted the lines—

"Beware of desperate steps! the darkest day—
Live till to-morrow—will have passed away."

I afterwards learned that a man in despair had that very morning gone to the Serpentine to drown himself in it. For this purpose he had filled his pocket with stones, hoping to sink at once. Some passengers, however, disturbed him while on the brink, and he returned to Kensington, intending to drown himself in the dusk of the evening. On passing my chapel he saw a number of people crowding into it, and thought he would join them in order to pass away the time. His attention was riveted to the sermon, which seemed to be in part composed for him; and when he heard me quote the lines alluded to, he resolved to abandon his suicidal intentions.—*Life of Dr. Leifchild, by his Son.*

MARCHED TO CHURCH.—Both at Strathfieldsaye and Walmer the Duke was a regular attendant at public worship, and received the sacrament as often as it was administered. It was a touching sight to see that great and venerable man kneeling devoutly before the rails of the village church, and the sunlight falling through the stained glass upon his head, and his own attention fixed entirely upon the act in which he was participating. He was not always so attentive during sermon time. Indeed, unless the preacher were eloquent, or the subject out of the common order, he used generally to gather himself up in the corner of the pew and go to sleep, when he sometimes snored audibly. He was very particular also in requiring that his guests should attend Divine service somewhere. It happened on one occasion that Count Nugent, an Irish gentleman, but an Austrian general, paid him a visit at Walmer Castle. Sunday morning came, and his Excellency said, "Duke, do you go to church?" "Always: don't you?" "I can't go to church with you, for you know I'm a Catholic." "Oh, very well," was the answer, and he rang the bell. When the servant entered, the Duke said, "His Excellency wants to go to the Roman

Catholic chapel: you can show him where it is." And sure enough to the Roman Catholic chapel his Excellency was marched. The Duke, as he walked to church, observed, "I knew he did not want me to go to church, nor to go himself either, but I thought it best that we should both go."—*Gleig's "History of the Duke of Wellington."*

A RUIN WITHOUT A HISTORY.—A huge green mound or knoll in Dumfriesshire, now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh, bearing the name of Tibbers Castle, has recently been opened. The foundations of a building of great extent have been discovered, the hall being ninety feet by twenty-six. Underneath, a dungeon has been discovered, in which were found bones, several silver spoons, and other articles. Of Tibbers Castle history says nothing, and tradition does not say much. It gave a title to the house of Queensberry, the Marquis of Queensberry having for his second and third titles Viscount of Drumlanrig and Baron Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers.

LETTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—

To his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army at Windsor: these.

London, 7 March, 1647.

Sir,—It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness, and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of? The best men, according to the flesh, and things, are lighter than vanity. I find this only good, To love the Lord and his poor despised people; to do for them and suffer with them: and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being confirmed to Christ and the rest of the body) participate in the glory of a resurrection, which will answer all.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND GRANTS DURING 1863.—The grants and amounts were respectively—Classification of authors relieved: History and Biography 12, £420; Biblical Literature 2, £50; Science and Art 5, £190; Periodical Literature 6, £235; Topography and Travels 5, £130; Classical Literature and Education 6, £150; Poetry 6, £180; Essays and Tales 6, £95; Drama 1, £25; Law 3, £60; Miscellaneous 2, £50: total authors, 54; total grants, £1585. Out of the above list, 12 persons were relieved for the first time, amounting in all to £490; 20 second, £620; 5 third, £105; 5 fourth, £130; 4 fifth, £80; 1 sixth, £25; 4 seventh, £90; 1 eighth, £15; 1 tenth, £15; 1 thirteenth, £15: 54 cases, £1585. 42 males, £1185; 12 females (8 authors, £195, 4 widows, £205), £400: total, £1585. There were 3 grants of £10 each; 9 of £15; 10 of £20; 11 of £25; 6 of £30; 1 of £35; 5 of £40; 5 of £50; 2 of £60; 2 of £80: in all 54 grants, amounting to £1585.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—Everybody is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjab; but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful numbers of human creatures, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In two recent years no less than 999 children were killed, principally by wolves. The Government pays a considerable sum for the destruction of wild animals. In 1860 there were killed 35 tigers, 163 leopards, 350 bears, and 2080 wolves; total, 2658.

EMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE.—The diversion to the Federal army of such a vast amount of labour from its legitimate channels would produce serious results, were it not for the assurances of a large increase in European immigration. There is reason to believe that there will be such a heavy influx of the bone and sinew of the old world to our shores during the current year as to compensate, in a great measure, for the exhaustion of our population by the circumstances of war. It is confidently predicted by sanguine calculators that the number of immigrants to arrive in 1864 will reach nearly half a million. It is estimated that nearly one-seventh of the industrial population of the north and west have been drawn off from their usual vocations by the war. In this condition of our affairs, therefore, we ought to encourage and welcome the accessions to our labouring population from the old world.—*New York Shipping List.*

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